

1600/1322.

A N

E L E G Y

On the D E A T H of

W I L L I A M and M A R Y,

Earl and Countess of SUTHERLAND.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. D O D S L E Y in Pall-Mall.

MDCCLXVI.

1600/1322



T O T H E
Q U E E N.

M A D A M,

IT is not your Majesty's exalted Dignity alone that prompts me to put the following Lines under your gracious Protection. If that only had been my Motive, with a View to throw a Lustre on the Publication, I would not have dared to have mentioned your Majesty's Name. But the illustrious Example which your Majesty has set forth in this Age of Luxury and Dissipation of those very Virtues which are the Subjects of my P O E M, affords me a most pleasing Opportunity of giving my public tho' anonymous

DEDICATION.

anonymous Testimony of Approbation to
conspicuous Merit, in the highest Rank of Life ;
and of assuring your Majesty that I am, with
the most profound Respect,

MADAM,

Your Majesty's

Most dutiful Subject

And faithful humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

E L E G Y

On the D E A T H of

W I L L I A M and M A R Y,
Earl and Countess of SUTHERLAND.

I.

O For that plaintive Muse, that Muse of Fire,
Whose Soul-pervading, manly Strains of Woe,
Upon the Lute, or on the warbling Lyre,
In ancient Times could make the Tear to flow.

II.

This was the Muse that rous'd the Bards of old,
Upon the faithful everlasting Page
To give a Triumph never to be fold
To dying Virtue in a downward Age.

B

III. Tutor'd

III.

Tutor'd by her the gentle Mantuan Swan,
Immortal Maro, sung Marcellus dead ;
Adown Octavia's Cheek the Tear now ran,
On ev'ry Face the Poet's Power was read.

IV.

'Twas she inspir'd the Gaulic Bard to sing
Of gen'rous Fingal, and Malvina fair,
The noble Offian soar'd upon ~~her~~ Wing
And drew the Tear——Melpomene was there.

V.

In vain for licens'd Rapine do we claim
For butchering Heroes Heart-felt Tears and Sighs,
In vain to feed their fordid Lust of Fame
The lofty Pillar lifts its Head and lyes.

VI. Such

VI.

Such Feats as these the peaceful Muse disowns,
The passing Stranger who surveys their Bust,
Nor owns their Glory, nor their Loss bemoans;
No Tears of Sorrow mingle with *their* Dust.

VII.

Who mourns for Cæsar in his mad Career,
Or grieves that Brutus stabb'd him in the Side?
Who for *that* Tyrant ever shed a Tear,
Who by his own invented Torments died?

VIII.

But not to Merit let us grudge *her* Due;
Tho' doom'd to shine in some sequester'd Vale,
In some lone Cottage far from public View,
One vital Ray of Virtue ne'er can fail.

IX.

Far from the Haunts of unavailing Wealth,
Where Vice and Folly hold their lawless Reign,
In peaceful Scenes of Innocence and Health,
The lovely young MARIA trod the Plain.

X.

With ev'ry Charm adorn'd, and ev'ry Grace,
To all but *her* such Loveliness was known;
Expressive Beauty beam'd upon her Face,
And Guardian Angels mark'd her for their own.

XI.

In torrid Climes let abject Slaves explore
The sparkling Diamond from the tortur'd Mine,
A purer Gem than ever Monarch wore
The fair MARIA once was seen to shine.

XII.

Thrice happy Youth who could this Charmer gain,
And clasp such Virtue to thy throbbing Breast !
O happy Chief of Sutherland's Domain
Whose Stars propitious gave thee such a Feast !

XIII.

And O yet happier that the Hand of Heav'n
Confirm'd the Deed of Cytherea's Son,
That constant Love to such a Pair was giv'n
Whose mutual Virtues join'd their Souls in one!

XIV.

Day following Day and Year succeeding Year
Still saw th' unfading Joys of mutual Love,
Saw Paradise restor'd—they knew no Fear,
Save gracious Fear to Him who rules above.

XV. Ah

XV.

Ah gentle Pair how little did ye think,
Far from your native Home, the Storm so nigh!
How bitter was the Cup ye had to drink
From Angels Hands, your Constancy to try!

XVI.

For lo! outstretcht upon a Bed of Pain
By Saturn's cold Hand dear WILLIAM lies,
With *his* sad Harbingers, a dismal Train,
Opprest,—far from his Pillow Comfort flies.

XVII.

But who can paint MARIA as she stood
Transfixt with Sorrow by her much-lov'd Lord?
Day after Day she spurns the proffer'd Food,
Now bursts in Tears, and now the Fates implores.

XVIII. Far

XVIII.

Far from her lovely Eyelids flies the Balm,
The gentle Balm of Soul-reviving Rest;
In vain surrounding Friends attempt to calm
The struggling Passions of her Love-sick Breast.

XIX.

In vain was every Aid contrived,
But tho' her Nature could no longer bear
The Load—the Angel yet survived;
Heav'n was her home, she was a Stranger here.

XX.

And is MARIA fled, the Gentle and the Good,
And shall her WILLIAM linger long behind?
Oft by his Bed to comfort him she stood,
Whilst cruel Suspicion rankled in his Breast.

XXI.

In vain his Friends the fatal Tale conceal'd,
In sad Conjecture two long Weeks he sigh'd;
To *his* poor Heart no Comfort *they* could yield,
And when he could no longer hope he died.

F I N I S.



